

*LOVE and GOOD-WILL to All, the Author sends;
But specially to ZION and her FRIENDS.*

Sound *Sion*, sound the Praises of thy King,
And let thy well-tun'd Instrument honour bring
To Him; for *Sion* thou right well dost know,
The Gentiles and their Idol gods must bow
And bend unto thy King, or broke must be;
For who's like *Sions* God in Majestie?
Who may compare with *Sions* King? sure none.
Then all you Idols of the Earth, begone,
Appear no more, contend no longer thus;
You strive against the God of Heav'n, not Us:
All your Contrivings and Decrees, not just,
Rise out oth Pit, and therefore perish must.
Gather your selves together, Plot, Combine,
Against the Branches of the Heav'nly Vine;
And let Egyptian darkness if it can,
With all the Earthly Wisdom, Wit of Man,
Obscure the Glory of the glorious Sun,
And end that endless Race it hath begun.
If you have power t' accomplish such a thing,
Elle Mortals bow and bend to *Sions* King:
Hinder the Fire from burning, and the Rain
From showing on the Earth; and then again,
Earths vast Circumference compas with a span,
Do this among the sons of men who can:
Raze out the Righteous Seed which God hath set
In every soul, Then the Dominion get:
But till all this be done, Man strives in vain;
For should Truth seem to fall, 't shall rise again:
And thou, O *Sion*, in thy Tent abide,
Rest in pure stillness, whatsoever betide,
Keep in the holy Zeal, Rest and repose
Thy self within thy *Zoar*, there thou knows
Thou'rt safe enough, for there the Vukrous eye
Can never come to wrong thy Innocency:
Within Gods Ark, rest, when the Floods do rise,
Heed not the Tempest, but keep low, Be wise,
Dwell in God's Patience, in pure Love to all;
(Know where the waves swell high they'r near a fall)
No other Weapon see thou use but this,
For LOVE's the conquering weapon, that it is.
Look at the good thing that's in all, 'tis thine,
And let thy Love, thy meekness on it shine:
Make thy way to it, let thy Love be sure;
And bear with weakness, injuries endure;

Let Innocency to its own make way,
Offer upon Loves Altar, so thou may
Reach to the Just, and the Just will be
A Witness (*Sion*) for thy God and thee.

Babel will boast, for *Babel* must mount higher;
But fear not (*Sion*) for thy God will try her.
Thirsts she for blood? All power is His, she'l finde
Thy God will limit her bad wrathfull minde:
And though she threaten hard, and much may do,
Thy God will save thee, and reward her too:
Thy God is with thee (*Sion*) and He hears
Thy Cryes in secret, and he counts thy Tears:
He in thy troubles will support thy Faith,
And in a moment will rebuke Mans Wrath:
He knows Worm *Jacob* loves his wrestling Seed:
God will help *Sion* when she hath most need.
Can he forget his own? Ah surely not,
Was ever any of his Fold forgot?
Did ever any trust in him, and miss
Of Joy, of Comfort, of Eternal Bliss?
Stand *Sion* in thy holy Zeal: thy God
Will surely smite the Tempter with his Rod:
And when thy Faith and Patience God hath prov'd,
Mortals shall see, how God his *Sion* lov'd
When she's i'th Furnace, will not He refine
His Jewels (Branches of the Heav'nly Vine?)
Sackcloth and Ashes shall be laid aside,
Sion he'l honour as his Heav'nly Bride:
His Jewels and his Ornaments shall be
Fixed upon that Robe he puts on thee:
The High and Mighty of the Earth shall bend
To *Sions* God: Man's Wrath shall have an end:
Princes shall bow, come bending on the knee
To that God, *Sion*, that thus honours thee.
Then let not Storms nor Tempests high dismay thee,
Nor let the flatteries of the Whore betray thee:
Dwell in that Life which makes thee wise and bold,
Live in the burning Zeal (more worth than Gold.)
Be wise, Worm *Jacob*, in thy Glory shine,
The Cause thou suffers in, is God's, not thine.

Upon that Rock which cannot moved be,
Blest God, keep *Sion*, and preserve thou me.

Lincoln, first day of the 3d month
called May, 1665.

Martin Mason.